

## [Oh, Death](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Hades (Video Game 2018)

**Genre:** Anal Sex, Awkward Sexual Situations, Dorks in Love, Established Relationship, Fluff and Humor, M/M, Sex Toys, Sexual Roleplay, Well. More like ATTEMPTED sexual roleplay, it works out in the end

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Relationships:** Thanatos/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-01-07

**Updated:** 2021-01-07

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:01:26

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,152

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

*"Death makes no exceptions."*

*"Not even for..." Zag's words were tremulous now, and Thanatos realized he was trying to keep himself from laughter, "...a kiss?"*

Zagreus wants to try roleplaying. Thanatos doesn't think that this is very realistic.

## Oh, Death

### Author's Note:

Me: this isn't going to be fully sexual, maybe like an M rating

Me, 10 seconds later: zag where did you get that dildo.

Thanatos hadn't honestly been sure what he would encounter when he phased into Zagreus' room on this particular day-or-night, but it certainly was not...

"Is this the specter of death, come to retrieve me from this mortal coil?"

It certainly was not this.

Zagreus looked more vital than any mortal on the cusp of their demise had ever been. Sprawled out completely naked on the bed, lit only from the flames burning up from the soles of his feet, he was evidently not human. And, even if Zagreus wasn't so obviously divine, this would feel wrong. The air in the room was still, and even in the darkness, this was unmistakably the Underworld. Thanatos was missing the usual weight of his armor, dressed only in his robes and cowl, a state no mortal had ever seen him. It felt almost as incongruous as the fact that he was holding his scythe while standing in Zag's room.

But this was all a farce, anyway.

"Aren't you going to say something?" Zagreus asked, stretching and re-settling on the bedcovers. There wasn't enough shadow to hide the fact that he was already hard, clearly having anticipated... whatever this was.

Thanatos was silent a moment longer, Zagreus' motions immensely distracting. Only when his focus drifted away from the pull of Zagreus' muscle and the soft curves of his bare skin in the firelight did he ask, "what would I say?"

"I dunno, you always say something when you show up. Your whole 'death approaches' thing."

Thanatos rolled his eyes and grasped the handle of his scythe a little tighter. "I don't say that when I show up to guide a mortal soul to the underworld. I say that when I show up to help you because you think it's funny."

Zagreus' mouth dropped into a perfect oval of surprise for just a second before he smiled. "That's rather sweet of you, Than. Uh, I mean. Okay, let's start this over?"

Thanatos rubbed at his forehead before pulling his cowl down to further shadow his eyes. "Sure."

Zagreus resumed his position that he apparently thought was enticing (it was), tipping his chin down and giving Thanatos a sultry look through his dark lashes. The black of his right eye only served to remind Thanatos that Zagreus was by no means mortal. "Well, I'd rather not pass into the next world at this moment in particular, what with being so youthful and all. Perhaps we could come to an agreement, O' Death?"

"That's not how this works."

"Are you quite certain?" Zagreus' voice was softer, lower than usual. He didn't often deliberately try to seduce Thanatos. He didn't need to. "Couldn't you make an exception?" Thanatos swore he'd heard a mortal say the exact same a week ago, but it was much less attractive on someone other than Zagreus. Particularly when that someone was actually near death.

Than shifted in place, wishing Zagreus would give up the whole role-playing thing. He'd rather their usual playfulness, tangling themselves in one another and laughing brightly as their joy and pleasure blended into one. "Death makes no exceptions."

"Not even for..." Zag's words were tremulous now, and Thanatos realized he was trying to keep himself from laughter, "...a kiss?"

Oh, it would be all too easy to break him out of this role.

"Uh, no. I have a lover already, actually." Thanatos vanished his scythe so that he could fold his arms and give Zagreus a very stern look.

Zagreus cackled, trying to hide his laughter behind a hand.

"You're actually making me late, I'm scheduled to go make sure the late King of Athens doesn't kill him."

Laughter turned into hysterics, and Zagreus rolled over, burying his face in the blankets. "Thaaan!"

"And now I'm afraid I can't let you live to tell the tale, because nobody must know that Death would rather be making love to the Prince of Hades than doing his job."

Zagreus *howled*.

"Mortality rates have already been at an all-time low. You know why?" Thanatos braced one knee on the bed, leaning over to put his mouth to Zag's ear. "Because the Underworld's Prince has a great ass."

Zagreus regained his ability to speak slowly, through giggles that had turned into tears. "Than. Oh, gods. You're not actually telling mortals that, are you?"

He shrugged. "It's only the truth."

Another short bark of laughter. "I do indeed have a great ass. Come here." He pulled Thanatos in, arms around his shoulders, and kissed him soundly. It didn't last long, because Zagreus was still trying to smother the tail end of his hysterics. When he pulled away, he pushed his face into Than's shoulder, hugging him close. Whatever he said was muffled, but it sounded quite like, "ugh, I love you."

"I don't think roleplay suits us very well," Thanatos said, pressing a kiss to the side of Zagreus' head and nearly getting a laurel leaf in his mouth for his efforts.

"Yeah. *Somebody* seems to take things a bit too literally."

Thanatos could feel Zagreus' smile against his cheek. "Well. I am the *literal* embodiment of death." He shifted, collapsing onto his side so that he was lying beside Zagreus on the bed. Zagreus was immediately back in his arms, reaching up to unclasp his cloak and push it away. "Mortals do try to ask me to make exceptions, you know."

"Do they also try to seduce you?" Zagreus kissed the side of his neck, just because he liked to make Than shiver.

"No. I'm the *literal embodiment of death*. They don't try to seduce me."

"I'm just saying." Zagreus punctuated each thought with another kiss, trailing closer and closer to Than's jaw. "If I was a mortal. And Death came for me. And Death looked like, well, the most attractive man I'd ever seen. I would try to seduce Death."

"Thankfully, you are not a mortal, and thankfully, none of them seem to do anything other than fear me. It would make my job quite—" and here, he had to pause, because Zagreus had pushed a knee between his legs and was making it *very* clear that he had by no means halted his romantic advances, "—uncomfortable."

"Uh-huh. Would you still be at all interested in me showing you what I was planning to do to convince you to make an exception, though?" He didn't bother waiting for an answer, because the way Thanatos ground down against his thigh was something Zagreus well knew to be an affirmative. "That's good. Otherwise, I'd've gotten all ready for nothing."

"Gotten ready...?"

Zagreus reached for his hand. "Yeah. Feel." He shifted away from Thanatos, and while the loss of pressure against Than's cock was disappointing, the realization of what exactly Zagreus had been planning made him harder than ever. Zagreus tugged Thanatos' hand between his legs, until Than could feel his entrance—or, rather, could feel the flat base of what was already inside him.

“How long were you waiting for me like this?” He imagined Zagreus pent up for perhaps the better part of an hour, determined not to touch himself, to be good and wait for Than.

That wasn’t quite the reality of it.

“Oh, I barely managed to get it in and get my hands cleaned off before you showed. Turns out, I’m very easily distracted.”

Alright, the image of Zagreus getting carried away touching himself, spreading himself on his fingers, forgetting until the last minute that he was supposed to be using the toy, was just as good. Perhaps better.

“May I remove it?” Thanatos asked, pressing ever-so-gently on the base of the toy. Even just that motion made Zagreus whine a little. Well. Now Thanatos knew how Zag had kept it up during that whole embarrassing disaster.

“Only if you’re going to fill me up with something better,” Zagreus bargained, his fingers rubbing at the particular ‘something better’ he wanted.

Thanatos didn’t have time to undress, but he often did not. Usually, it was Zagreus getting carried away, only managing to push Than’s robes aside and tug down his leggings to get at his cock. Thanatos’ own urges got the better of him now, but Zagreus was extremely helpful in getting all that unnecessary clothing out of the way. He even managed to tug Thanatos’ belt off, so that everything he wore would slowly slip off his shoulders and chest the more they moved together.

He helped Zagreus roll over so that his back was to Thanatos’ chest, and Zagreus happily approved of the change, probably because it meant there would be as little unnecessary positioning as possible once Thanatos got the toy out of him. Zagreus would have him immediately. How could Thanatos bear to deny him such a thing?

“I’m going to take it out now,” he warned, nudging Zagreus’ knee up to spread his legs a little further.

“Go ahead, love. Please.”

It was a glass toy, and had been thoroughly lubricated, so Thanatos nearly had trouble getting a hold on the base of it, but then.

Oh, blood and darkness, Zag.

It was so. Much. *Bigger* than he’d predicted.

Zagreus made the sweetest noise as Thanatos pulled the toy free—clearly, the ridges along the sides were doing something for him—it prompted Thanatos to slide the toy back into him, just to fuck him with it a few times, before...

“Than. I said something *better*, come on.”

“Sorry, Zag. You just... I didn’t expect it to be this long.” It was fairly thick, too, but that was predictable, considering Zagreus was using it to keep himself stretched.

“Still not as big as you are.”

“Zagreus.”

“Bet all the mortals would try my tactics a lot more often if they knew what Death had in his pants.”

“Stop, or I won’t fuck you at all,” Than said, a completely empty threat. There was nothing he wanted more.

Zagreus seemed to know this, too. “Can’t have that,” he joked, and his mouth opened again but whatever remark he’d thought up vanished right off his tongue as Thanatos pushed into him, all the way to the base in a single thrust. Zag was well-prepared to take it, of course.

Thanatos tried to set the pace fast, immediately, but the position lacked the leverage he needed to take Zagreus the way he wanted to. He pushed at Zag’s hip, sending him flat on his belly on the bedcovers, swinging a leg over to straddle him and *oh. Yes. Much better.*

“Gods—fuck—*Thanatos*,” Zagreus cried, shifting from calling out to every deity the universe over to praising one god in particular. “That’s so *good*, Than, yeah, like that—mm!”

If Thanatos was feeling particularly inclined to drag things out or to tease Zagreus to oblivion, he could have hiked his hips up, pulling him away from the bed. He was not, today, and so he just held tight to Zagreus’ waist instead, letting Zag squirm under him and rut into the mattress.

All that delicious friction meant Zagreus came well before Thanatos himself did, crying out and reaching for Than over his shoulder. Thanatos obliged, leaning in to kiss the join of his neck and shoulder, not entirely unable to slow his own movements.

“Keep... keep going,” Zagreus urged him.

“Zag, I don’t have to—“

*”I want it.”*

Zagreus’ noises, while softer and quite weak, were still very much sounds of pleasure, even as Thanatos rode him far past completion. Than, himself, was prone to terrible oversensitivity and hardly wanted anything more than a gentle caress after he’d come, but Zagreus seemed content to be fucked out even after he’d finished.

Not just content. Pleased. Immensely so.

“Harder. Don’t stop.”

Thanatos could only moan in response, burying his face in Zag’s shoulder as he... kept going.

It didn't take long, after that. Thanatos' teeth dug into the nape of Zagreus' neck as he came, his fingernails into Zag's hips. Both would leave marks that wouldn't fade until Zag next ventured out of the House to be killed by whatever misfortune happened to befall him. Then, Thanatos would have to leave more.



He let all his weight rest on Zagreus after, making Zag squirm beneath him and bat at his face. "Than. You're squishing me. Levitate yourself off me, would you?"

That sounded like a terrible idea. It would mean he'd have to give up Zagreus' warmth, the feel of his skin against Than's, the scent of him. "No."

"I suppose I am doomed to be trapped here forever, or at least until you decide you have to go back to work, then."

"You are." Than kissed the back of Zagreus' neck, over the place his teeth had dug in.

"Bet the mortals would fear Death a lot less if they knew how much he likes to cuddle."

"Probably."

"It's okay, love, I won't tell them. Your secrets are safe with me."

### **Author's Note:**

Now with [super adorable art!](#)

UPDATE! Now with [an incredible podfic!](#)

Visit me on twitter for more Hades nonsense @luddlestons!

### **Works inspired by this one:**

- [\[PODFIC\] Oh, Death](#) by [sksNinja](#)